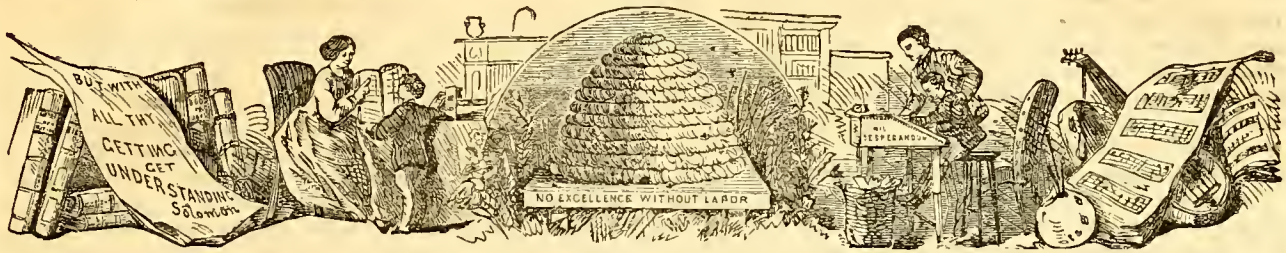


Holiness to the Lord!

The Juvenile Instructor



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BIOGRAPHY.—JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

IT was only two days before that the Carthage Greys were under arrest for insulting the commanding general. They were a most mutinous body of men, and their conduct was more hostile to the brethren, than that of any other company. All of this was known to Governor Ford. Yet he selected them to guard the prisoners in the jail while he visited Nauvoo. The mobbers whom he had found at Carthage and had mustered into the service of the State, were disbanded and discharged in Carthage, instead of being dismissed into the hands of their several officers to be marched home. This at large a body of men who were filled with a vindictive and murderous disposition and ripe for any deed of violence. Besides these there were some two or three hundred armed men

encamped about eight miles distant from Carthage, on the Warsaw road, who had for a leader a Baptist preacher, known as Colonel Levi Williams, a sworn enemy of Joseph, and a man who only wanted an opportunity to murder him. These men Governor Ford suffered to remain encamped there. Leaving the Carthage Greys to guard the prison under these circumstances was as though he said to Williams and his band, and to all the mobbers and apostates:

"Now is the time for you to accomplish your designs in murdering Joseph and Hyrum Smith. I have had them shut up in prison, and placed as guard over them men who hate them and who will not resist you if you try to kill the prisoners. I will be out of the way myself, for I am going to Nauvoo; there will be nothing to prevent you from taking full satisfaction and wreaking your vengeance upon them; for they are defenseless."

We have no evidence that he used this language; but it is said, that actions speak louder than words, and his actions said this and much more to the desperate villains who were clamorous for the blood of the prophets of God.

It was in the forenoon that Ford started to Nauvoo, escorted by that portion of his troops which felt most friendly to the prisoners, and most disposed to do right. John S. Fullmer also left the jail for Nauvoo, to assist Brother Wheelock in gathering and forwarding witnesses for the promised trial. The guard would not admit Captain Dan Jones into the jail. He, however, met A. W. Babbitt in the street, and told him that Joseph wanted to see him. The guard permitted him to pass into the jail, and while he was there, Joseph wrote a letter to O. H. Browning, a lawyer of Quincy, requesting him to come to the expected trial on Saturday in his professional capacity. This letter A. W. Babbitt, when he got outside of the jail, handed to Captain Jones to take to Quincy forthwith. The guard, knowing a letter had been

written, told the mob that it was an order from Joseph to raise the Nauvoo Legion to come and rescue him. They wanted to take the letter from him by force, and even went so far as to waylay him; but he took the wrong road and escaped. Shortly after dinner, Colonel Markham was sent out of the jail by Joseph on an errand. As he was returning to the jail, a number of the Carthage Greys gathered around him, put him on his horse and forced him out of town at the point of the bayonet.

The engraving, which we herewith give, is a representation of Carthage jail in which Joseph and the other brethren were confined. The window that is open was in the room in which they sat.

In the afternoon Elder Taylor sang the hymn written



by Montgomery, which is found on page 254 of our hymn-book.

"A poor wayfaring man of grief, &c.," This hymn pleased so much that Joseph requested him to sing it again, which he did. After which Hyrum read some extracts from Josephus. At four o'clock in the afternoon the guard was again changed. There were only eight men stationed at the jail, the main body of the Carthage Greys was in camp upon the public square about a quarter of a mile distant. A short time afterwards the guard sent in word that they wanted some wine. Joseph gave Doctor Richards two dollars to give to them; they said one was enough, and would take no more. With this he sent for a bottle of wine, some pipes, and a little tobacco. One of the guard brought them into the jail, and Doctor Richards uncorked the bottle, and Joseph, Bro. Taylor and himself tasted some which was poured out. As the guard turned to go out somebody called him two or three times, and he went down. Immediately there was a little rustling at the outer door of the jail, and a cry of "surrender," and instantly the discharge of four or five fire-arms followed. As Doctor Richards glanced an eye by the curtain of the window he saw about one hundred armed men around the door. This shooting was done by the guard, who, it is said, threatened the mob when they came up, and at the same time discharged their guns over their heads. It is very doubtful whether they had anything but blank cartridges in their guns. Their threats, their scuffling, and the firing of their guns were all a sham for the purpose of keeping up appearances, that it might be thought they were not in with the mob. The mob encircled the building. Some of them ran by the guard up the flight of stairs, burst open the door, and began firing; those who were on the outside, fired in through the open window. As it was a hot day, Joseph and Hyrum and Brother Taylor had their coats off. As soon as they knew that they were attacked, Joseph sprang to his coat for his six-shooter, Hyrum for his single-barreled pistol, Elder Taylor for Col. Markham's large hickory cane, and Doctor Richards for Brother Taylor's cane. They then endeavored to push the door to; but the balls came whistling up the stairway and one came through the door which passed between them without injuring them. Joseph and Elders Taylor and Richards then moved to the left of the door. Hyrum, at the same time, retreated back in front of the door, when a ball came through and struck him on the left side of his nose, and as he was falling backwards a ball came through the window, entered his side and passed through his body with such force that it completely broke to pieces his watch which he wore in his vest pocket. At the same instant, another ball from the door grazed his breast, entered his throat and passed into his head. As he fell on his back on the floor, he exclaimed: "I am a dead man." In this moment of extreme peril when a complete shower of balls was flying into the room, Joseph's affection for his brother Hyrum manifested itself, and anguish forced from him the expression, as he looked toward his brother: "Oh! dear brother Hyrum" and he reached around the door-casing and fired his revolver into the passage. Only three of the barrels were discharged. At the same time Elder Taylor was next to him knocking aside the guns with the cane which he had in his hand as they pointed them into the room, while Doctor Richards stood by him ready to lend any assistance with another stick.

(To be continued.)

BASE all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character; and in doing this never count the cost.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

Chemistry of Common Things.

SILVER-ARGENTUM.

THIS metal is sometimes found in the metallic state, presenting, at times a very beautiful arborescent appearance resembling branch coral in structure. But, more frequently silver is combined with other elements, especially with sulphur. When one, or an atom of silver is chemically united with one of sulphur a sulphide, or sulphuret, of silver is formed. When an atom of lead combines with one of sulphur, a sulphuret of lead is formed, this is known among us as "galena."

Galena often contains the sulphuret of silver, it is then said to be "argentiferous galena," this is a very abundant mineral among us. This is the reason we are successful in exporting so much, it is valuable for the silver it contains, as well as the lead. But silver is not only found combined with lead, it is found with mercury copper and gold. The mode of separation of silver from other metals than lead is entirely different, as will be explained.

There is some misunderstanding about our galena ores, which the student will do well to avoid, viz: the supposition that they contain the chloride of silver. What is a chloride? Chlorine and silver chemically combined. Now the chloride of silver, and the bromide also (bromine and silver) cannot remain as such in the presence of the metallic sulphurets, they mutually re-act upon each other, producing double decomposition. This is the reason, probably, that the chlorides are not abundant in our rocks; they may, however, be found, but they will not be found among the sulphurets. A chloride of silver, or "horn silver" brought in from Rush Valley to the Museum, is, probably the first instance of finding the true chloride, in this Territory.

Silver is a very important metal, it is easily worked, very beautiful, capable of combining with other elements to form substances of great use in the arts. It is also very durable, not decomposing like the inferior metals by exposure. The vegetable acids affect it slightly, in an atmosphere free from the vapors of sulphur, it does not tarnish. The reason a silver spoon loses its color on being thrust into an egg, will be an interesting thing to notice. If the spoon is brought in contact with a cold egg no discoloration takes place; but, when heated a sulphuret of silver is formed, the greater the heat, the more intense the blackness of the sulphuret.

But for general purposes silver is very useful for articles of plate. Hence, spoons, forks, dessert knives, plates, dishes, flagons, waiters, trays, and, for culinary purposes, saucepans, &c., are made of it. It is extensively used for purposes of adornment, for which purpose it is frequently covered with gold. Then for coin it is very largely used. British coin is alloyed with seven and a half per cent of copper to make it durable; that is seven ounces and a half of copper, are melted with ninety two and a half ounces of pure silver, or in that proportion. Then silver is used to form the nitrate, with which marking ink is made, it is also used largely for photographic purposes.

No wonder then that the demand for this metal should be so great. The wear and tear of silver necessitates a continuous loss of this metal, so that mining operations are not likely to be discontinued.

To supply this demand there are mines in different parts of the world constantly sending forth fresh supplies.

Some of these mines are a great source of wealth to the owners and beneficial to those employed. There is a great deal of labor in procuring silver from ores which has to be paid for, it is seldom that men get rich suddenly by discovering silver as a metal. It is said that a Peruvian found the celebrated mines of Potosi by accident. He was chasing some wild goats, and happened to take hold of a shrub that gave way and revealed the treasure. For a long time, he went slyly to the place and helped himself to fresh supplies. Becoming suddenly rich a neighbor was inquisitive enough to find out the cause. Again, and again, they went and obtained a large quantity of the metal together. But the mode of reducing a metal to a marketable form was a secret too great to impart by the first discoverer to the other. Information was consequently given and the mines were taken possession of for the use of the King. Whether valuable mines like those will be discovered here is uncertain, should they be there is no monarch to seize them, so, we hope to see a fine specimen exhibited in our Deseret Museum.

BETH.

THE BEE-HIVE.

NOW, here is an idea for you! We are going to take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and make a bee-hive of it. If some of our young readers should wonder how that can be done, we just request them to remember the collections of fine things they have got acquainted with, since they commenced to read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. All these things were gathered up industriously from various sources for the good and enjoyment of the children of our Mountain Home, just like the bee is gathering into his hive the sweets that are hidden in the blossoms and flowers, scattered all over the mountains, the vales, the meadows and the prairie. There have been various bees at work in the hive of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and each one seemed to have had, thus far, his own particular liking for an especial kind of sweets; one brought us the beautiful stories from Scripture; another gathered up sweet, from the life of our beloved Prophet Joseph Smith, another called himself Uncle George and grew quite a favorite with the children; others brought fine things from nature animals, trees, lands and people, and so forth. Now I have also raised up a little bee and trained him to gather from among foreign nations and countries as many fine, praiseworthy and lovely things, worthy of imitation, as he can find and bring them home into our little hive, that our young readers may get the benefit thereof, and not only taste of the honey of truth to enjoy its sweetness, but to get strengthened thereby and grow in virtue and in everything pleasant in the sight of God, angels and men.

As Bro. Cannon has told me, that he wished me to write again for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, I will set my little bee to work, to gather up; and he has now to fly about, and roam over land and sea in far off countries, among the Alps of Switzerland and in the deep mines of Peru, yea, he will even go back sometimes into remote ages to nations long since passed away, to fetch up good things for our bee-hive. There he comes back now from his first trip, looking quite proud and satisfied with himself. What have you got this time, little fellow? What? from such an old people? Never mind, let us have it, and here it is:

THE CHILDREN OF SPARTA.

About eight hundred years before Jesus Christ there lived in the city of Sparta in Greece a wise man with the name of Lycurgus, who was the brother of the King of

the city. When the king died, this man Lycurgus took up the reins of government in the name of his little nephew, his brother's infant son, and intended to become a benefactor to his people, who thus far had been indulging in all kinds of vices, had become demoralized and in consequence thereof were subject to constant insults and injuries from their enemies. Lycurgus introduced among the people of Sparta new laws, which were calculated to instill into them the most rigid principles of temperance, economy and simplicity, and they all had to learn to be brave and face danger in every form fearlessly; they were taught to speak little but to the point, and when they went into battle never to turn their back upon the enemy. When, therefore, the dead and wounded after the fight were gathered up, all those who had received their wounds in front and had not lost their shield were buried with great honors, their families even rejoicing that their friend had found so glorious a death, thereby conferring honor upon the whole family; but when the contrary was found to be the case with anyone lying dead upon the battle-field, and it was apparent that he had fled, trying to save his life, his memory was disgraced and his friends mourned over the great misfortune that had befallen them. Many more similar and even yet more strict laws, were given by Lycurgus to the Spartans; but all were intended to strengthen the people against their enemies, unite them together like one family and keep away from their midst the enervating influences of luxury and fashion. The most important feature of the legislation of Lycurgus, however, was the laws regulating the education of children, in which respect this great lawgiver distinguished himself very favorably from all other lawgivers of the olden times, of whom none had manifested so much interest for the rising generation. The children were educated together, commencing with their fifth year, boys in one institution, girls in another; here the boys had to learn the arts of husbandry, mechanism, of war and peace, study the laws of their country and learn to be men; girls were taught all the duties of the household, and had also to learn the laws and customs of their country. Their food had to be very simple, and they could wear no clothes which they had not made with their own hands. The boys had to take swimming exercises every day, summer and winter in the naturally cold river Euratas, near Sparta. The most touching part of the training of the children of Sparta, however, was the great regard, which they were taught to show to old persons. A boy or even a young man was never permitted to sit down without permission in the presence of an old man or old lady, even if it had been the king's son before one of the poorest among the people. It is said that once at the great games at Olympia, which took place every fourth year, when all the Grecian nations assembled together in one great brotherhood, among the tens of thousands already seated in the great amphitheatre an old man appeared looking for a seat, when five hundred Spartan youths arose simultaneously offering him their seats. And they were heathen! You, little readers, born and raised under the guidance of the Priesthood of the Almighty, should not such a trait of character among those ancients shine with a brilliant light to us in these latter days as an example the imitation, worthy to be said of our children too, here in the valleys of the mountains of Deseret, that the children of Deseret may not be surpassed even in this thing by the children of Sparta?

This was the first load our little bee has brought home, and I think you will relish it, think about it, talk it over and imitate it as much as you can. We will now see what our little bee will bring home the next time.

CARL G. MEASER.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON

EDITOR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1870.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THERE is a bird named the Stormy Petrel, whose home is on the broad ocean. Strong of wing, of rapid flight and fearless heart, he never forsakes the roar of the billows and the rage of the storm, to dwell with the land birds on shore; save when his mate brings forth her brood on some lonely island or sea girt rock. He does not, however, with the gulls, wing his way high above the flashing and feathery foam of the wave, but—

"Up and down, Up and down
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,"

he sweeps along the surface of the storm-tossed sea, scarcely flying, yet not swimming, but skimming along the waters, like a being walking on the sea. The sailor considers him a bird of ill omen; he is the harbinger of bad weather, and many a curse is heaped on the head of the warning bird, by the foolish mariner who meets him far out at sea, as though he were the author of the approaching storm, not a voice of warning, crying "beware and prepare for the warring of the elements, whose raging is nigh at hand." Indeed, instead of curses, blessings should be poured upon this bird, whose instinct enables the sailor to make ready for the gale, reef his sails, return to port, or do what else the safety of his bark requires.

The Stormy Petrel is not, however, the only one who warns men of danger, and then is accused of being the cause of the calamity. In almost every age when the prophets of God have told men of judgments and warned them to flee, the wicked, the foolish and the corrupt, instead of repenting of their evil deeds, have vented their anger on the messengers of peace, who have proclaimed in their midst the message of succour and salvation; for almost every message borne to the wicked, by the inspired servants of God, has been one of forgiveness to those who repented, of destruction to those who persisted in their sins. Yet the men of God who bore the message were not the cause of the evil; the cause was the wickedness of the people themselves. Noah did not cause the flood. Lot did not destroy the cities of the plain. Yet Noah warned the people of the coming Deluge, and he was derided. Lot warned the Sodomites of their impending doom; then they scoffed at his words and reviled his prophecy. Had they repented they would have been saved. But they did not and were condemned; judgment quickly following the condemnation.

So it is in these days. The priesthood of God go forth, calling on men to repent of their sins, bearing the glad message which is hope to the humble, but despair to the proud. But as they are not the cause of the sins of mankind, nor responsible when they have rebuked them and preached the gospel to the sinners, no more are they responsible for the results of those sins. The results are with God. Still the wicked assume to think otherwise. When a prophet proclaims an approaching calamity they strive to destroy him; when he refers to war, famine, pestilence, disease and death, they seek his life, that

they may not hear his words of just condemnation; if he denounces the sins they love so well, he is accused of slandering them—all people who repent not are righteous in their own eyes,—if he foretell the downfall of the nation, he is called a traitor to his country and accused of seeking to bring about the very evils that obedience to his words would avert,

"For thus doth the prophet of good and ill,
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still."

Thus mankind in general are like the foolish mariner and the Stormy Petrel, instead of heeding the warning and preparing for the evil, they curse the being whose admonition, if heeded, would be their salvation, and too often suffer the judgments they might so readily avoid.

MAHMUD was a Turkish prince who reigned in the eastern provinces of Persia one thousand years after the birth of Christ. He was a mighty ruler, and his name is said to be still venerable in those countries. An instance is related of his justice and greatness of character that is worthy of mention. One day as he sat in the council chamber, an unhappy subject bowed before the throne to accuse the insolence of a Turkish soldier, who had driven him from his house and bed. "Suspend your clamors," said Mahmud, "inform me of his next visit, and ourself in person will judge and punish the offender."

The next time the soldier came to the man's house it was night; but Mahmud upon being informed he was there, caused the man to guide him to the place. He surrounded the house with his guards, and extinguishing the torches so that he could not see the criminal, he pronounced his death, he having been caught in the act of rapine and adultery. After the execution of his sentence, the lights were rekindled, Mahmud saw the dead body of the criminal and he fell prostrate in prayer. His prayer ended, he arose from the ground and demanded some food. There was none but very plain fare in the house, yet this he devoured as a man would who was starving. The poor man whose injury he had avenged, could not suppress his astonishment and curiosity at this conduct of the king's; and the courteous monarch condescended to explain the motives of this singular behavior. "I had reason," said he, "to suspect that none except one of my sons could dare to commit such an outrage; and I put out the lights, that my justice might be blind and unyielding. When I saw that it was not one of my sons, my prayer was a thanksgiving which I offered prostrate on the ground. And my hunger was caused by anxiety, for since the first moment of your complaint, three days ago, I have not eaten any food."

In one of his wars Mahmud penetrated into Hindostan. Against the religion of that country he was very zealous. He, himself, was a Mahomedan. Many hundred temples, or pagodas, were levelled with the ground; many thousand idols were demolished. But there was one place where they had an idol which its ministers and worshippers thought very powerful. Its pagoda had the revenue of two thousand villages to sustain it. Two thousand Brahmins were consecrated to the service of the idol. Besides these, there were three hundred musicians, three hundred barbers, and five hundred dancing girls, conspicuous for their birth and beauty, who assisted in its service. The pagoda was that of Sumnat, on the promontory of Guzarat. The city and adjacent country were peopled by a nation of enthusiasts. They confessed their sins and the punishment of the places which Mahmud had already visited; the people of those places were not so holy, their idols were not so mighty and terrible, as theirs was. He could, therefore, prevail against those places; but if he should presume to approach *their* holy place, he would fall overwhelmed before

their god. Mahmud heard of this, and he thought he would test the strength of this Indian diety. He was victorious in his fight with its worshippers; he entered its sanctuary and aimed a blow of his iron mace at its head. The trembling Brahmans are said to have offered him fifty millions of dollars to spare the idol. His wisest counselors said he had better take the money and spare the stone image, its destruction would not change the hearts of its believers, and then, said they, how much can be done for the benefit of our religion and those who believe in it by such a large sum of money!

To their advice Mahmud replied: "Your reasons are plausible and strong; but never in the eyes of posterity shall Mahmud appear as the merchant of idols." He repeated his blows, and to the astonishment of his men, he found a treasure of pearls and rubies concealed in the belly of the statue. This explained the anxiety of the Brahmans and their willingness to pay so large an amount to have their idol spared! The fragments of the idol were distributed to the chief Mahomedan cities, and Mahmud gained great credit for his zeal against idolatry.

MISSIONARY SKETCHES.

THE district where I had gone to live was visited about once in three months by the Presbyterian missionary who had it in charge. The Sunday after my arrival there, was his day to make his quarterly visit, and I went down to the village where he was to hold his meeting. His name was Green, and he and I had met a few weeks previously, and had a conversation in which he grew very angry and had said he would curse me. There was a large attendance of natives at this meeting, and he took for his text the 8th verse of the 1st chapter of Paul's epistle to the Galatians:

"But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed."

His whole sermon, as well as his prayer previously, was directed against us, warning the natives about us; but the sermon was the most childish and poor attempt to show what the gospel of Christ was that I ever listened to. After he had finished I got up and told the people it was best to examine the gospel well, and see what its nature and requirements were, and also for each to learn whether it was in his possession or not. I then commenced to show them what the gospel was. Up to this point Mr. Green had sat amazed, as it appeared, at my audacity. Such a thing as a person arising in a meeting and questioning what he had said, or attempting to teach anything different, was new in his experience, and he seemed so astonished that he could not speak. But when he saw that I had the attention of the people, and they were listening to what I said, he aroused himself, opened a catechism which was called "Ai o ka la" or "Food of the day" and commenced asking the people questions. He was determined to interrupt me and to divert the minds of the people from what I said. Some of his deacons helped him; they answered his questions in a loud voice, and confusion began to prevail. I saw that no further good could be done then, so I told the congregation that I intended to hold meetings, and would have opportunities of more fully explaining to them the principles of the gospel, and I stopped. He warned the people not to entertain me, nor to salute me; if they did, they would be partakers in my evil deeds. To this I made a suitable reply and withdrew.

From this time I commenced to labor in a more public manner among the people, speaking in their meeting

houses as I could get opportunity, and doing all in my power to give them a knowledge of our principles. My speaking before Mr. Green had a good effect; the people saw that I preached the doctrines of the Bible, and that I was not afraid to meet the preachers; the moral effect of this boldness upon a simple people like them, I found to be excellent. And here let me say that courage in advocating and defending the truth, when tempered with wisdom, is a quality men always admire. The fear of man, and the fear of telling that portion of the truth which he is sent to declare, are feelings that no elder should ever indulge in. The man who suffers this fear to prevail with him is never successful. The fear of God and the fear of doing wrong is the only fear that a Latter-day Saint should ever feel.

My training during the first two years of our settlement of Salt Lake valley, when we were pinched for food, was of excellent service to me during the days of which I write. I should have thought the meagre diet we had in the valley rich living if I had had it then. The people were very poor, and I did not wish to be a burden to them in the least. I avoided eating anything, therefore, that I thought they relished on that they had only occasionally. I have told you that potatoes grew spontaneously there; but the country was too warm for them; this, together with the lack of cultivation, made them very poor. The potatoe when good was not a vegetable I liked very much. But here I could get nothing else, excepting whortleberries, which grew wild and which I frequently picked and eat, until one day they made me sick, after which I could not eat them any more. I might have eaten the potatoes better if I could have had salt to eat with them; but this article they were out of just then. The only thing eatable beside the potatoes was molasses. I have never liked to eat potatoes and molasses together since then. I well recollect how I enjoyed a meal of poi on one occasion during this time. The kalo out of which it was made had been cooked and pounded at some distance from there—kalo did not grow at that time at the part of the Kula where I was—and packed in the leaves of a shrub called *ki*; when thus packed it was called *pai kalo*. It had been warm when packed, which with the heat of the weather, had made it sour and maggoty. But the people had cooked it over again and made it into poi. My potatoe and molasses diet had removed all my fastidiousness about what I ate, and I thought this poi the sweetest food I had ever tasted. Some people eat maggoty cheese because they like it; I ate this poi because it was the best and most palatable food I had tasted for weeks.

But what I lacked in food the Lord made up to me in the goodly degree of His spirit which He bestowed upon me. What I had to eat was a matter of indifference to me. I was happy, and I rejoiced as I never had before. Dreams, visions and revelations were given to me, and the communion of the Spirit was most sweet and delicious. I learned a lesson then, which I trust will never be forgotten, that there is a happiness which the servants and Saints of God can have that is not of earth, and that is not in the least dependent for its existence upon the possession of food, raiment or any earthly thing.

A new native house having been completed by Mr. Napela's men, it was offered to me as a meeting house. On Sunday the neighbors collected together, and we had two meetings, one in the forenoon and one in the afternoon, at which I spoke upon the first principles of the gospel and their restoration to man upon the earth with the authority to teach them. My testimony and words were favorably received by the people, and they were desirous that I should continue to hold meetings. It was a busy time, and I was only able to hold one meeting during

the week. But on the next Sunday I had a most excellent time. Five were baptized and confirmed, and the spirit was powerfully poured out upon all present, many were stirred up to repentance, their hearts were touched and the tears coursed down their cheeks. Brother James Keeler, who had been stopping in Lahaina, was with me that day, he having reached there the previous day. Our joy was very great, and I thought it one of the best days in my life. We held meetings during the week, and on Sunday I baptized and confirmed six persons. It was in much weakness that I labored in the ministry; but I began to taste a joy that I had never before known, and my heart was filled with praise and gratitude to the Lord for deeming me worthy to receive the priesthood and to go forth on a mission.

THE ARCTIC FORLORN HOPE.

From "TRIUMPHS OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY."
Published by T. Nelson & Sons, London.

IN taking leave of them, Lady Franklin's last words were: "I am sure you will do all that man can do for the attainment of all these objects; my only fear is that you may spend yourselves too much in the effort; and you must, therefore, let me tell you how much dearer to me, even than any of them, is the preservation of the valuable lives of the little band of heroes who are your companions and followers. May God in his great mercy preserve you from harm amidst the labors and perils which await you, and restore you to us in health and safety as well as honor. As to the honor I can have no misgiving. It will be yours as much if you fail (since you *may* fail in spite of every effort), as if you succeed; and be assured that, under *any and all circumstances whatever*, such is my unbounded confidence in you, you will possess, and be entitled to the enduring gratitude of your sincere and attached friend, JANE FRANKLIN."

The *Fox* left Aberdeen on 1st July, 1857, and by the middle of the next month was suddenly brought to a dead halt in Melville Bay. Not a drop of water was to be seen in the direction they wished to go—the door of the Arctic world was rudely shut in their face, and the impenetrable bar of ice, which extended far and wide in front of them, told them plainly enough that there was no admittance on any business. M'Clintock could not bear the idea of meekly retreating, and spending an idle winter in Greenland; and an enticing lane of water opening up in the ice, after a day or two, the *Fox* dashed into it, hoping to push through the ice. Before morning the treacherous floes had closed behind her, cutting off both advance and retreat. A few days more and she was rivetted, beyond all hope of rescue, in the midst of the frozen sea. In vain they struggled to get away, blasting the edges of the floe with gunpowder, now pushing forwards, now trying back. There was no help for them; the ice held on with a firm, relentless grip, and they were doomed to winter in the moving pack.*

In this way, after eight months of imprisonment, they were carried back by the floating ice nearly 1200 geographical miles—drifting now quickly, now slowly, according to the strength of the wind, which seemed to be almost the sole agent in hastening the vast continent of

ice towards the latitudes of its dissolution. Towards the end of March the ice began to relax its grasp, and by the 12th of April had lost its hold upon the *Fox* which was now drifted ingloriously out of the Arctic regions—not without a narrow escape from destruction amidst the dying convulsions of the mighty pack. Huge bergs and hummocks of ice went crashing and churning round them—a single thump from any of which would have been instant annihilation. "After last night," wrote M'Clintock, who had been at the engines for twenty-four hours, the engineer having died, "I can understand how a man's hair turns grey in a day." The *Fox* managed to keep out of harm's way, however, and the next morning was dancing gaily on the open sea. Instead of the sullen, death-like torpor to which they had been so long accustomed, everything around them bespoke life and motion. "It seemed," said one of them, "as if we had risen from the dead."

After a brief repose on the coast of Greenland the *Fox* was back among the ice again. At Lancaster Sound they fell into the clutches of the "villainous pack," but, after a day or two, shook themselves free, and made for Pond's Bay. There they communicated with the natives, and satisfied themselves that the missing ships were nowhere in that neighborhood. At Beechy Island they set up a handsome tombstone, sent out by Lady Franklin, in memory of Sir John and his companions; and the end of August found them at the eastern entrance of Bellot Straits, in a somewhat dangerous situation. "With the cunning and activity worthy of her name," writes M'Clintock, "our little craft warily avoided a tilting-match with the stout, blue masses, which whirled about as if with wilful impetuosity, through the narrow channel. Some of them were so large as to ground even in six or seven fathoms of water. Many were drawn into the eddies, and acquiring considerable velocity in a contrary direction, suddenly broke bounds, charging out into the stream, and entering into mighty conflict with their fellows. After such a frolic the masses would revolve peaceably, or unite with the pack, and quietly await the day of their wished-for dissolution—may it be near at hand. Nothing but strong hope of success induced me to encounter such dangerous opposition. I not only hoped, but almost felt that we deserved to succeed."

Four times they dashed up the straits, only to be driven back by the ice; the fifth time they cleared their way from end to end. Not far beyond the west entrance to the straits a bar of ice prevented further progress, and as the winter was rapidly coming on, they prudently went back to a little harbor in the straits, and wintered there, much the same way as in the previous year. "Very dull times," says the journal; "no amount of ingenuity could make a diary worth the paper it is written on."

With the spring the sledges were got out, and the wild dogs put in harness. Captain M'Clintock and two companions, with a couple of sledges and fifteen dogs, paid a visit to the Boothians in the vicinity of the magnetic pole. The cold was so intense that the dogs grew lame, and were seized with frequent fits. The party went on foot, threw away part of their provisions, and found it impossible to do more than fifteen or eighteen miles a day. "We travelled," says M'Clintock, "each day until dusk, and then were occupied for a couple of hours in building our snow hut. Our equipment consisted of a very small brown-holland tent, Macintosh floor-cloth, and felt robes; besides this, each man had a bag of double blanketing and a pair of fur boots to sleep in. In these little huts we usually slept warm enough, although latterly, when our blankets and clothes became loaded with ice, we felt the cold severely." Another of the

* To the uninitiated, says Captain M'Clintock, it may be as well to observe, that each winter the sea, called Baffin's Bay, freezes over; in spring this vast body of ice breaks up, and drifting southward in a mass—called the main pack or the middle ice—obstructs the passage across from east to west.

officers gives a graphic description of this sort of travelling: "These only who know what it is to be exposed to a temperature of frozen mercury accompanied with wind, can form any idea of the discomforts of dragging a sledge over the ice upon an unknown track, day after day, and for eight or ten consecutive hours, without a meal or drink, the hands and face constantly frost-bitten, and your very boots full of ice; to be attacked with snow blindness; to encamp and start in the dark, and spend sixteen hours upon the snow in a brown-holland tent or the hastily-erected snow house, listening to the wind, the snow-drift, and the howling of the dogs outside, and trying to wrap the frozen blanket closer round the shivering frame."

(To be continued.)

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

IT had just struck three quarters past eleven o'clock when we walked up the the flight of broad steps leading into the side-aisle of Strasbourg Cathedral, where stands the celebrated clock. The aisle, or rather the small chapel leading from the aisle, was already crowded, and we could hardly find standing room: men and women, rich and poor, English and French, German and Swiss, were there. Here stood the fair-haired Saxon from our own island home, fresh, and smooth-featured, and blooming, with her cool, pretty, English costume, forming a striking contrast to her neighbor—a fat, old, wrinkled, German peasant, with a face bronzed by an almost tropical sun, and her features hard, and sharp, her dark dress relieved by its white, short sleeves and the white chemisette, which, though not as clean as it might be, set neatly round the bony, freckled, brown throat; her hair completely hidden by the broad ribbon fitting tight to her head like a skull cap, and finishing off at the crown with an immense bow half a yard long, standing straight across the top.

The sound of various languages was to be heard, from the native dialect down to broken English, spoken by the foreign guides, but all concerning the wonderful clock which stood before us. This clock is sixty-five feet high, and surrounded by a railing, within which stands a globe showing the position of the sun towards the earth; behind this small globe rises the clock; it consists of a basement or first story, divided into three compartments; a centre-piece of three stories, surmounted by a gilded network roof; and two side-pieces, one serving as a series of landings for winding up the various machinery; the other as a pedestal for the wonderful clock, of which almost every one has heard.

Time, however, was going on; it wanted now only seven minutes to the magic hour of twelve, and we could not take in fast enough all that was told us, and were wondering how we were to have eyes in four different places at once. The three compartments on the base have to do with eclipses, calendars, and other astronomical movements; over the centre is a chariot representating summer, which will move on to give place to autumn, and that, in turn, to winter and spring at the appointed time; there stands a dial, whose hands are even now close on twelve, with a tiny angel on either side; above that the signs of the zodiac; higher, the moon half bright, half dark; higher still, a figure of Time, scythe in hand; and, above all, Christ.

But, now, it is twelve o'clock! Every eye is fixed on the same thing, every voice is still. Ah! the little angel on the left lifts up his stick and strikes his drum; like a sweet, distinct bell the sound rings through the air, and is immediately echoed by an old man, who walks slowly past—Time, knocking a bell in his passage, four times

the angel strikes, for it is the fourth quarter; then his right companion takes up the measure, and deftly reverses the hour-glass he holds in his hand; instantly the clock strikes one, two, three, four. Look! look! the cock, who stands so high on his pedestal, moves! see, he flaps his wings three times! he crows! and a murmur thrills through the assembly: the clock goes on, five, six, seven, eight; again the magic cock performs his part: nine, ten, eleven, twelve; for the last time the gold and crimson wings move, and 'cock-a-doodle-doo' rings down the majestic aisles of the grand old building. All is not over yet; slowly a figure walks from the upper story of all, and as he passes Christ, he turns to Him and bows, then Christ spreads His hands and blesses him; another comes, the same manœuvre is gone through; another, and another. Yes, there are twelve apostles. There they go!—that is the last. But look! Christ spreads His hands to us—in front, to the right, to the left; and with this the ceremony is ended. The little figures will be still for twenty-four hours; but the angels and Time perform every quarter of an hour during the day; and so, before long, a child will pass the ominous-looking scythe, then a youth, then a middle-aged man, and in one hour the same old man we have seen not many minutes since.

Now that all is finished the spectators are on the move. With some pushing; some warnings from the guides to take care of our pockets, as even in Strasbourg, there are thieves; much talking and little air, we at last get fairly through the crowd into the broad, glaring street, with a burning sun pouring his rays down upon us, and so make our way towards the railway station, thinking of the wonderful clock, and of how many little folks we may interest when we get back again to England with the story of what we have seen and heard.—*Selected.*

THE MOOR AND THE SPANIARD.—Many hundred years ago, when Spain was partly occupied by the Moors, or people of Morocco, a Spanish gentlemen killed a young Moor in a sudden quarrel. He immediately fled, and seeing a garden, he threw himself over the wall without being perceived by his pursuers. Seeing the owner, a Moor, in the garden, he asked to be concealed.

Now it was a custom of the Moors to protect any one who had ever eaten with them. The owner of the garden, to assure the Spaniard of his safety, gave him a peach to eat and then locked him up in a summer-house, telling him that, as soon as it was dark, he would provide for his escape to a place of greater safety. The good Moor then went into his house and had just seated himself when a great crowd came, with loud lamentations to his gate, bearing the dead body of his son who had been killed by a Spaniard.

The kindly Moor soon discovered that the man who had taken his son's life was he whom he had just promised to protect. Nevertheless he would not break his word. Saying nothing, in the meantime, to any one, he went in the evening to the summer-house, released the Spaniard, and mounted him on one of his swiftest horses. 'Christian,' said he, 'the man you have killed is my son. You ought to suffer, but you have eaten with me and I must keep my word. Fly far while the night covers you and before morning you will be safe, though you are guilty of my son's blood. I thank God I am innocent of yours, and that my plighted faith is preserved.'

THE ELEPHANT.—During the last Indian mutiny a number of elephants were required to be sent from Rangoon. The only vessel in which they could be conveniently conveyed contained several barrels of biscuits. No sooner were the elephants stowed away in the hold, than those nearest the barrels began to break them open, but those who were near the biscuits did not partake of any until they had passed a supply to those behind. There are many chatterboxes who might well learn a lesson in manners and unselfishness from those elephants.

THE INDIAN CHIEF'S BURIAL.—More than forty years since, Black Bird, a famous chief of the Omahaws, visited the city of Washington, and on his return was seized with small-pox, of which he died on the way. When the chief found himself dying, he called the warriors around him, and like Jacob of old, he gave commands concerning his burial, which were literally fulfilled. The dead warrior was dressed in his most sumptuous robes, fully equipped with his scalps and war-eagle's plumes, and borne about sixty miles below the Omahaw village, to a lofty bluff on the Missouri, which towers far above all the neighboring heights, and commands a magnificent landscape.

To the summit of this bluff a white steed, the favorite war-horse of Black Bird, was led; and there, in presence of the whole nation, the dead chief was placed with great ceremony on its back, looking towards the river, where, as he had said, he could see the canoes of the white men, as they traversed the broad waters of the Missouri. His bow was placed in his hand; his shield and quiver, with his pipe and medicine-bag, hung by his side. His store of pemmican (dried meat), and his tobacco-pouch, were supplied to sustain him on his long journey to the hunting grounds of the great Manitou, where the spirits of his fathers awaited his coming. The medicine-men of the tribe performed their most mystic charms, to secure a happy passage to the happy hunting-fields; and then each warrior of the chief's own band covered the palm of his right hand with vermilion, and stamped its impress on the white sides of the devoted war steed.

When this had been done by all, the Indians gathered turfs and soil, and placed them around the feet and legs of the horse. Gradually the pile rose under the combined labor of many willing hands, until the living steed and its dead rider were buried together under the memorial mound; and high over the crest of the lofty hillock which covered the warrior's eagle plumes a cedar post was reared, to mark more clearly to the voyagers on the Missouri the last resting-place of Black Bird, the great chief of the Omahaws.

In the old Pagan barrows on the wolds of Yorkshire, and far northward towards the Moray Firth, the graves of ancient British and Saxon charioteers have been dug into, with the iron wheel-tires and bronze horse-furniture, the wreck of the decayed war-chariot, and the skeletons of the horses, buried there with the dead chief, that he, too, might enter the Valhalla of his gods, proudly borne in the chariot in which he had been wont to charge the ranks of his foes. For man in all ages, and in both hemispheres is the same; and, amid the darkest shadows of Pagan night, he still reveals the strivings of his nature after that immortality, wherein also he dimly recognises a state of retribution.—*Selected.*

HOW HE MADE THE MONEY.—A gentleman once reported to the government tax-collector that his income for the previous year had amounted to two thousand dollars. A meddling neighbor was surprised at the largeness of the sum, and when he met his prosperous friend he said to him,—

'You have returned an income of two thousand dollars for the past year?'

'Yes, sir,' answered the other.

'Well, how *did* you make so much? I don't see how you could do it.'

'Well, sir, I made one thousand dollars, clean cash, by attending to my *own business*; and I made the other thousand dollars by letting *other folk's business* alone.'

Selected Poetry.

FRIGHTENED BIRDS.

"Hush! hush! said little brown thrush,
To her mate on the nest in the elder bush.
"Keep still! don't open your bill!
There's a boy coming bird-nesting over the hill.
Let go your wings out so,
That not an egg nor the nest shall show.
Chee! chee! it seems to me
I'm as frightened as ever a bird can be!"
Then, still with a quivering bill,
They watched the boy out of sight o'er the hill.
Ah! then, in the branches again,
Their glad song rang over vale and glen.
Oh! oh! if that boy could know
How glad they were when they saw him go,
Say, say, do you think next day
He could possibly steal those eggs away?

GATHER WITH CARE.

"Be circumspect," my mother said,
In accents soft and low;
I hear her plainly now as when
She spoke long years ago.
Full well she knew the world's deep arts.
Its evil and deceit;
And from its hidden snares she fain
Would save my eager feet.

And so in parable she spoke—
"All are not good as fair,
Gay flowers spring up on every side,
But pluck, my love, with care;
The rose conceals a cruel thorn,
The nightshade, poisonous breath,
The poppy flaunts its gaudy head
Above the seeds of death.

"Need not the tallest or the gay;
But in its lowly bed,
Seek where the perfumed violet
Bends down its modest head.
The lily, and the heartsease, too,
Are innocent as fair;
Ah! flowers abound on every side,
But gather, love, with care."

ACCORDING to a French statistician, taking the mean of many accounts, a man fifty years of age has slept six thousand days, worked six thousand five hundred days, walked eight hundred days, amused himself four thousand days, was eating one thousand five hundred days, was sick five hundred days, etc. He ate seventeen thousand pounds of bread, sixteen thousand pounds of meat, four thousand six hundred pounds of vegetables, eggs, and fish, and drank seven thousand gallons of liquid.

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